The Times-Dispatch

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1913.

LET'S HAVE JOINT DEBATE.

It would be a good thing for Mr. Pollard and Mr. Cumming, candidates in the Democratic primary for the office of Attorney-General, to get together on the hustings and hold a joint debate. The value of the primary is that it gives the people a chance to express themselves directly, and the more they know of the aspirants, their merits and political ideas, the better for the State. Clear-cut discussion of vital issues before the people would be informative as to the issues and as to the men. Moreover, the dullness of this coming primary choice needs to be broken so that the voters may be roused to participation. We do not want wordy wars or acrimony, but we do want interest. Apathy and indifference are at the root of much of our political decadence. We are glad that the present fight is free from the stimulating tonic of personality, but the vigorous give-and-take of impromptu debate, with full publicity and wide discussion afterwards, might stir enough voters out of slumber to make the nomination a true reflection of the popular mind.

We do not know whether there are any real differences between these two gentleman as to the principles that should govern State affairs. If there are, open discussion will be of value not only as an indication of the merits of these two candidates, but as a help in understanding the needs of Virginia in legislation. Mr. Pollard has stated six points on which he has decided views. Each of these topics is of vital interest to Virginians. The time spent in threshing out the facts in each case would be much more profitably spent than if devoted to vague talk without the spur of opposition. Mr. Cumming perhaps agrees with the ideas expressed by Mr. Pollard. Yet he may disagree as to the best methods of achieving results both admit are desirable. Indeed, in respect to a good many things, we are agreed as to the worth of the principle, but sadly at sea as to the practical way of putting it to work.

With regard to the fee system, the election laws and taxation, reform is urged by almost all men. Yet there are very specific differences as to the mode of reaching a better state. The Times-Dispatch favors public discussion of public affairs. The ability and experience of these gentleman can throw badly needed light on some of our troubles. Even if they change not a single voter, the facts brought out would be a service. Let's talk it over together.

A WORLD OF LOST MUSIC.

One of our honored correspondents writes to know if we can tell him where he can find copies of the "Southern negro songs" which he is desirous of procuring. We presume that our reader refers not to that syncopated and boisterous hodge-podge of sound which is called "ragtime," but to those delightful old slave melodies which constitute a world of lost music.

We wish we could answer this query. We wish we knew for ourselves where we could find the music of those wonderful old tunes which a toothless old mammy crooned in the darkness to every Southern-born boy. Was there ever any sweeter music and did weary young eyes ever close to a more soothing lullaby?

Some of them have been preserved, in fragments at least. The wise men who have conducted the Hampton Institute have appreciated the value of this music and have collected a few of the old songs. On state occasions the institute pupils sing them with that peculiar intonation characteristic of all negro music. And if one doubts the magic of this melody let him listen to these songs and then to the inane, senseless ballads of sentimentalism that the pupils prefer when left alone.

Then, too, that remarkable negro, Coleridge-Taylor, has taken the theme of a few Southern negro songs and woven them into very creditable piano form. His "Deep River," for instance, has a sonority and a power that show the possibilities of these folk songs even in the hand of a mediocre composer.

Dvorak, also, it will be remembered, during his brief stay in America, collected a few of the themes and used them in his so-called "American" symphony, an interesting, if not a very great work.

Every musician who has worked over the negro songs has found them fraught with the essential qualities of folk music. Every one has noticed, in particular, that these tunes, whether taken from the coast of East Africa or from the cotton fields of Alabama, are on our own scale and harmonize for Occidental ears. They have none of that discordant monotony that made Japanese music impossible.

And besides, the negro songs of the South breathe a spirit unlike anything else in the world. The genuine African song is wild, savage and sometimes commanding; the slave song of the South is plaintive, deep, emotional. It is the voiced soul of a people who sat in bondage.

Are they lost forever, irredeemably lost? Is there no man in the South with patriotism enough and genius enough to collect them and weave them into masterpieces beside which the rhapsodies of Liszt will seem tawdry and the folk songs of Grieg be weak? The South and the country can ill afford the loss of its most distinctive single possession!

"COMMISSIONER KOINER'S."

We have no quarrel with the Hon. George W. Koiner, Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration. At the same time, we should like to ask why it is that publications issuing from the State Department of Agriculture are announced to the press as "Commissioner Koiner's" or "Mr. Koiner's" bulletin.

As we understand it, Mr. Koiner works in co-operation with a State Board of Agriculture, and is himself an official of the State Department of Agriculture. It would seem to us, therefore, that the publications sent out from his office should be announced as the production of his board or his department rather than of Mr. Koiner himself. To be sure, the monthly agricultural bulletin bears the imprint of the department, and is to that extent impersonal, but the press stories of these bulletins are religiously labeled with the name of the commissioner.

Would State Librarian McIlwaine be justified in sending out press notices announcing the bulletin of his library as "Dr. McIlwaine's bulletin?" Would Dr. Ernion Williams be warranted in telling the public through his weekly press service that "Dr. Williams's" new pamphlet on typhoid fever has appeared? Or does it make a difference when one officer is appointed by a board or by the Governor, and another is elected by the people?

A personal label strikes us as a would-be voter-getter.

LET CITIES CONFER ON LEGISLATION.

In six months the Legislature will meet. It is time Richmond and the other cities of the State were getting together to plan and organize the campaign for freer and simpler municipal government. The Newport News Press points out that City Attorney Taliaferro, of Hampton, hopes the League of Virginia Municipalities will, at its next meeting in September appoint a committee to frame the legislation wanted. The Press has advocated a conference for this purpose, but admits that it can be accomplished through the league. It can if the league can get the cities together and formulate a platform that will cover the needs of the entire group.

Certainly this pressing step should not be postponed until the Legislature meets. It is not a matter for overnight judgments. The laws of other States and the needs of Virginia cities have to be investigated. The cities must have time to attend to their local issues. The time is short enough.

In Richmond we do not believe the majority of the voters will say that the present system is the best possible solution. There are too many occasions for "harmony parties." We have all the luxuries of government with little efficiency. We have a Mayor, a bi-cameral Council and a highly expensive Administrative Board. Doubtless, we can present our special plea and fight for any change that we deem an improvement. Yet we must also fight for a wider measure of home rule so that some day we can change our own local government to suit our own needs without running to the Legislature for special dispensations.

The condition of Richmond is that of the other municipalities. All are hampered by restrictions that prevent progress. Since the difficulty is general the remedy should be general, and the best way to secure such wider opportunity is by concerted action on one comprehensive piece of legislation.

LONG-BOW GUIDES.

We have a keen sympathy for that Washington tourist guide whose misadventures were reported so humorously in yesterday's paper. We know how he felt, and we see that he was a good sport. He had just finished a long oration on the splendors of the Luther Memorial Church in the national city, and had apostrophized over the statue of the great reformer which decorates the yard. Naturally, when a thoughtless sightseer asked who Luther was, the guide did not want to show his ignorance. Consequently, he made a stab at it, and solemnly told them that Martin Luther was first pastor of the Washington church.

It was certainly a game exhibition. As it happened, the guide guessed wrong, and, we doubt not, was promptly ejected from his high place. But at that he did what a hundred Washington guides do every day, and was only unfortunate in that he was caught.

A guide is forced to draw the long bow. His employers and his calling demand it. Fancy a man who has delivered his vocal thunders and told his well-pointed stories for an hour. Fancy the gaping, admiring crowd, the wondering looks of the yokels. Can flesh resist the temptation of not soaring from height to height? Can mortal man overcome the desire to win completely the glory he sees aglimmering?

We have seen our Richmond guides—some of them—in the same plight, and, instead of laughing, we have admired the ingenuity with which they hid their own ignorance or moved boldly on through fields of falsehood. Take, for instance, the real courage of that colored hackman who answers a good old gentleman's inquiry regarding the allegorical figure on the Davis Monument by telling him the statue is of Mrs. Davis. Stand in awe of that guide who declares the Daughters of the Confederacy maintain the Houdon Statue and that the picture in the Corporation Court room is of the bloody battle of Jamestown! Such men have to lie to live, and when they fall or fail—all pity for them. An honest guide who explodes myths and shatters romance would starve in a week.

THE HARMLESS POET LAUREATE.

Not many people know the names of poets, living or dead. Even fewer have ever heard of Dr. Robert Bridges, the elderly poet and scholar, who has been named poet laureate of England. As usual, the honor is given to safe and sane talent, rather than to dangerous genius. Rarely has the office been held by the best poet of the day in England. Rarely has it been held by the best known. Precedent has been faithfully followed in the present selection.

Dr. Bridges has written poetry of authentic merit. He has written much about the versification of others. He is a truer poet than was the late Alfred Austin, with a certain exalted and classical beauty in his lines. His lyrics are appreciated by a little clan that has the time and energy to read broadly in current literature. Yet he is old, and the great world has never been stirred by a single ringing poem with a message to the mass of men. It is too much to expect that he will break into a splendid fury of eloquent poetry in his sixty-ninth year.

Perhaps the British government does not want anything ringing and modern. It does not want the people roused by the strains of a new prophet of emotion. It wants an amiable student of taste and discretion to lend a certain dignity to the tradition of letters.

Otherwise, it would have chosen Kipling, Noyes, Watson, Masefield, or some younger singer who sounds the strivings of modern social progress in his notes. Since it could not, for reasons of state, perhaps, get a real poet, the wonder is that the office was filled at all. The wise course would be to let the people choose their own poet and name him laureate by acclaim. The official title can mean little even to the man who wins it.

HAYWOOD'S WITHDRAWAL.

A sweltering people may well afford to pause, even in July, and reflect on the significant spectacle which Paterson witnessed when William Haywood, America's most notorious red, withdrew from the silk weavers' strike and left town.

Of course, it may be true, as his champions declare, that Haywood is sick, and that the strenuous days of his bitter campaign in Paterson have shattered his nerves of iron and weakened his magnificent frame. The average man, however, will agree with the general view that Haywood has quit because his methods were too extreme, and the peace-loving citizen will read a moral in his leave-taking.

The country has watched the war within the ranks of labor during recent years with perhaps greater interest than they have given to any single subject. Men who were in other days the outspoken enemies of the American Federation of Labor have seen how from the ranks of that great organization have been excluded those who believe in bloody strikes, in forcible conquest and in ruthless recrimination. And those who watched have come really to regard the federation as safe and sane, compared with the organizations which seceders have formed.

Especially has there been concern, deep, though sometimes concealed, at the remarkable progress of the Industrial Workers of the World—that so-called union of laborers which conducted the memorable strike at Lowell. These men and women made no concealment of their purpose: they were for "direct action," and they would organize and recruit until they could seize the sources of wealth and use them for the benefit of those who toil. With these, it will be recalled, William Haywood allied himself, and when the Paterson strike was called, he hastened to the silk-making city, not only to fight the manufacturers, but to fight the "spineless labor unions," as he dubbed those bodies affiliated with the American Federation.

And now his own have received him not. He has failed in his great effort and, even before he left, stood discredited in the eyes of labor. If he is sick, it is fortunate; if he is well, his retirement is a confession of his defeat. Labor rebelled against the excesses of labor's worst enemies—irresponsible and blood-thirsty leaders.

In the change we see hope. What happened when the radicals left the American Federation has happened in Paterson; what has just been enacted there will be repeated elsewhere. Sane counsel will prevail and the justice of the great body of toilers will overrule the fanaticism of the few and the radicalism of the rest.

Out of this strike—indeed, out of all the labor disturbances of recent years—the American Federation has come with new strength and new proof of its title to public esteem. It may not have the wisest leaders. It has not been an exception to the universal rule that all men err; but it stands to-day the embodiment of the good sense of the working classes—stands, to our mind, as one of the allies of government and order.

Such worthy enterprises as the outing camp for colored children, now being pushed by the Colored Juvenile Protective League, are better ways of fighting disease than all the medicine in the world.

Many mad-dog scares could be avoided by giving the dog a drink—or keeping the man from it.

Why not make Richmond worthy of the name—"Spotless Town?"

They seem to have had a Fort Sumter in China.

Annexation? Union station? Where have we heard those words before?

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

According to Uncle Abner.

One way to find how much the relatives love one another is to get up a family picnic. A friend of ours got one up last week and every woman was told to take whatever she wanted to in way of a lunch. Every woman took a pound of crackers.

There ain't nobuddy who kin work more destruction in a short space of time than a feller with a souse and a motorcycle.

This won't be much of a world to live in until every baseball team kin be at the top of the column every day in the season.

It costs about as much to screen in a front porch as it does to go away and spend the summer in Switzerland.

I never heard of a pig that would chaw tobacker or drink whiskey.

After the train comes in, there ain't much doin' in a small town until the next one comes in.

Those fellers who brag that they have never taken a vacation in their lives generally look the part.

There are only two kinds of wimmen that are smarter than the men. They are married wimmen and the single wimmen.

It ain't a place for an innocent bystander when a woman gets to swattin' flies with a broom.

Reginald Hickey is away to college gettin' a liberal education, and his father is stayin' around home gettin' an education in liberality.

On Hot Weather.

Yes, it is hot. It is always hot in the summer. If you don't like it why don't you move to Spitzbergen instead of sticking around here and kicking to the rest of us about it. We are just as hot as you are.

If we didn't have hot weather in the summer we wouldn't have anything to eat in the winter. Ever stop to think of that? There wouldn't be a buckwheat pancake in this country.

Just try and think how you are going to enjoy those buckwheat cakes and that maple syrup and pork gravy next winter.

While it is hot take the muffler off your oatmobile. Why allow the poor thing to suffer?

How would you like to be a wooden Indian and have to stand in the sun in front of a cigar store all day?

How would you like to be a wax beauty in a store window just about now?

How would you like to be putting on a tin roof or painting a steeple?

How would you like to be staking a battleship—

Or working in a nice cool foundry? What are you kicking about?

Signs of the Times.

When a Mexican is not beating his sword into a plowshare he is beating his plowshare into a sword.

Advices from London are to the effect that the tailors are busy turning out a new play for John Drew.

If the President keeps on appointing Pages to ambassadorships he will soon have a whole book.

The Wilson administration certainly believes in boosting the business of the grape growers.

The heels of women's shoes may be lower this year, but the price is not.

Another thing for parents to worry about is that their little daughters may some day marry Nat Goodwin or De Wolf Hopper.

Nobody seems to be lying awake nights planning to get Tom Marshall's place on the ticket in 1916.

Perhaps that Missouri jury was right after all. Perhaps 50 cents is all a Missouri kiss is worth.

Massachusetts man has made a fortune out of a fountain pen, but not by writing poetry.

Japan is also in favor of peace, not having money enough to be in favor of anything else.

June is the month that makes the old bachelor feel like a piker.

It costs Uncle Sam only one-tenth of a cent to wash and iron a greenback, and he doesn't leave any saw edges or tear out the buttonholes, either.

Detectives arrested a New York dealer for selling over-ripe cheese. There are some clues so strong that even detectives cannot miss them.

Surgeon's report says there is more skin grafting in New York than ever before. Also more of all sorts, probably.

At any rate, the people are not able to forget the Wilson administration for any length of time.

If the umpires ever form a union there will be some real trouble in store for the magnates.

Voice of the People

The Glory of "September Morn."

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Having read with mingled feelings of amusement and curiosity the articles on "September Morn" that made such good copy for your Monday paper, and being further incited by the critique of your chief policeman placing the print under the ban as regards show window exhibition, I went boldly into an art shop of this town to-day and temerariously asked to be shown a copy of the picture that has aroused the conservative city of Richmond to such an ardor of repression. What was my surprise when, expecting to be shown some vulgar chromo or Paphian pastel that would cause my modesty to sound a hasty retreat, I was led before the picture of a pretty little girl wading timidly (no doubt because of her innocence and retiring disposition as well as the chill on the water) in a crepuscular pool of gorgeously-hued tints! The whole effect was a pleasing one of nature in a radiant mood, and far, indeed, would the imagination go to look upon this maiden, svelte and fair, as anything but a delightful unit in a harmonious ensemble. Here is a new morn stealing over the face of the earth to add itself to tired aeons, but so efflorescent in its birth and pure and clarified of atmosphere that what should be its prototype and central figure but this slip of a girl as an incarnation of purity and innocence? For both, with the flight of time, the colors fade and the glory dims, but not yet is the picture have the outpourings of forge and factory dispelled the morning's incense, or the onslaughts of age lifted the aureole of youth.

If Major Werner wishes to withdraw from the gaze of the prurient the objets d'art, which, doubtless, have an effect upon diseased minds, let him go into half the saloons of Richmond, and more particularly into the dives frequented by the drunken rout, there to strip the galleries of their pictures, which must aggravate inflamed passions more than poor little "September Morn," who is not half as bad as she is painted.

This crusade against a picture that has made warring factions of the aesthetes and the ethicists smacks of the martial flavor of that other military engagement in which a famous knight-errant jousted with a windmill and made a fool of himself. Prudery is proving the best press agent M. Chabas could employ. Most people will merely conjure up and pronounce the artist's name, and say, in execrable French, perhaps, "Pshaw! Bah!"

Very truly yours,
COMMON SENSE.

Portsmouth, Va.

Unjust Criticism.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In defense of my friend, J. H. Johnson, a steward of Broad Street Methodist Church, and one of the leaders in opposition to selling and removing the church to the West End, who is being unjustly criticized in regard to a communication that appeared in your paper on the morning of the 16th, over my signature, I desire to state that Mr. Johnson know absolutely nothing of the letter until it was given to the press, nor any other person in the city, except a friend, who was kind enough to typewrite it for me. As to his suggesting or intimating a line, or word to me, this is absurd and untrue. The information set forth was furnished me by the official report of last year's finances of the church; the additions in membership to the church were furnished by the pastor. I am personally and solely responsible for this communication and all others above my signature. In justice to Mr. Johnson, please publish this statement.

J. E. BARROW.

316 North Twelfth Street.

Beverly Banks at Bon Air.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have read with interest the newspaper accounts of an investigation conducted at the Bon Air home for delinquent girls of the white race, as ordered by the Governor of the State. As a colored man, my attention was especially drawn to the prominence given Beverly Banks, a member of my race and an employe at the home.

Coming to the point, some of the daily papers have inferred and suggested that Banks be removed because he is a negro. All of the testimony which I read showed that this colored man was honest, capable and efficient. Too black, it appears, to think himself white, yet he must be denied a servant's place in a home for delinquents. The matron is reported to have said that Banks was the "noblest negro God ever made," but some of us feel that God has made some negroes so noble that "ne plus ultra" would properly adorn their humanity.

Yet, in spite of this par excellent testimony, Banks, the faithful servant, who held the keys, locked the gate, answered the phone, worked the garden by day and guarded the premises by night, who did what he was told, knew his place and stayed in it—Banks whose heart was pure, conscience clear and record good, but whose skin is black, must go because he is a negro.

I do not know this colored man, never heard his name before, and have no personal interest, save that vital interest in my race for its welfare and uplift.

In the name of an oppressed people, I ask when will prejudice yield to truth, and character have a meaning more significant than color?

We used to be told that Justice is blind, and so it sometimes seems; but I believe that one day she will open her eyes and mete out to every man equity and opportunity, or else "the whole scheme of Christian religion is but a cunningly devised fable, the agony of Calvary, the echo of a deceiving dream, and the reputed vicarious death of Christ a mere figment of the imagination."

S. S. MORRIS.

Pastor of Third Street A. M. E. Church, Richmond, Va.

Both Blue and Gray.

The evening sun was setting over Fair Oaks battlefield;
Two soldiers lay a-dying, their young lives soon to yield;
When one to his comrades saying, "Just wave it o'er me, boys;
I loved the colors always, and its bonnie bright blue stars.

"When Sumter's guns were fired at West Point still marched I;
In Virginia hills awaiting I heard a mother sigh;
Still at West Point I kept marching. Oh, boys, what could I do?
I chose the home and mother, and threw aside the blue.

"When Cuba's guns were sounded, once I changed, you see,
The old gray uniform I wore and went in blue with Lee
O'er Guantanamo's burning sands and San Juan's valley, too,
I marched beneath the Stars and Stripes with Lee in bonnie blue."

When the morning sun broke over Fair Oaks' bloody field
Two soldiers in their country's flag were wrapped as in a shield.
That one whose uniform ne'er had changed was Grant, as you will see,
And he who wore them both was Marster Fitzhugh Lee.

BASS.

Cape May Courthouse, N. J.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Domesday Book.

Was the "Domesday Book" ever procurable in any edition? R. A. B.

Certainly. An edition was made in 1882 at the cost of the British government, and a copy may be found in almost any public library.

Virginian Colleges.

Please state the entrance requirements at the University of Virginia and at Richmond College. Will a correspondence school prepare one to enter? JOHN BAILEY.

Write for catalogues of the two schools. They will give far more exact information than we can print here. You write from a very cultivated community, in which there are graduates of both schools. Some one of them would probably serve the purpose of your preparation better than any correspondence school.

Richest President.

Who was the richest President the United States has had?

MRS. B. R. C.

For his time, Washington. It is often said that Mr. Roosevelt had the largest private fortune of any man who ever occupied the presidency. It is well-nigh impossible to answer the question with certainty, as people do not always tell how much they have nor "statesmen" where they got it.

Greatest Suspension Bridge.

Please tell me which is the greatest suspension bridge in the world.

SUBSCRIBER.

The costliest is the Manhattan Bridge in New York, estimated at $26,000,000. The Brooklyn Bridge, in the same city, is longer, having a total length of bridge and extensions of 7,580 feet, against 6,855 feet for the other. Also, the Brooklyn has the longer river span—1,595 feet 6 inches against 1,470 in the other. The Manhattan has the greater width—122 feet 6 inches, against 86 feet in the Brooklyn.

Virginia Towns.

Will you state for me the population of Keysville and Wakefield, in Virginia? SUBSCRIBER.

332. 570.

Mambrino's Helmet.

I have seen frequent allusions to Mambrino's helmet, but have not been able to find out who he was. Please tell me. MRS. T. F.

A Moorish King of the time of the Moors' power in Spain. He seems to have done little or nothing besides the owning of a golden helmet, which had the power of rendering its wearer invisible. This valuable piece of headgear worked so well in Mambrino's case that it—or something else—has rendered him virtually invisible to the eyes of the historian.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND.

Auditor Moore's Tax Plan

Segregation Figures Surprising.

The exhibit which the State Auditor makes is a surprise to us. We had no idea that the segregation plan could be carried out in this State without requiring the counties and cities to pay their own criminal expenses and support their own schools. But Auditor Moore declares that it can be done, and if his figures are accurate and reliable, the plan which he proposes has much to commend it. It would solve the problem of equalization, for so long as real estate and personal property in the several counties and cities of the State were exempt from State taxation, it would make no difference how low or how high were assessments placed in other localities.

He calls attention to the very low assessment of real estate in those counties in which losses are shown, and further says that it is fair to presume that the low rate on intangible property will result in placing on the tax books large amounts of such property not there now because of the excessive tax rate, which often amounts to its earning power; thus will be wiped out many of the losses shown in the statement.—Newport News Press.

Where the Shoe Pinches.

Many cities of the State, we observe, will endure substantial net losses should the Moore scheme prevail. Lynchburg, for example, when counting her losses and gains, comes out net loser to the extent of $45,382.34; Roanoke losses $59,135.51; Richmond, $96,629.84; Norfolk gains $62,761; Newport News, $16,595.72; Danville, $13,047.59—losses and gains in other cities being comparatively small. A rough calculation makes it appear that ten cities will experience a total net loss of about $262,000, while eleven combined show a total net gain of about $99,000, thus leaving a balance on the wrong side of the ledger of something like $163,000. It is but fair to add that the losses thus defined include decrease in revnue resulting from the reduction of the rate on intangible property to a maximum of 75 cents on the one hundred dollars. In the case of Lynchburg, for example, it is worth noting that its loss under this intangible property rate-reduction is estimated at $49,424.45, while its net loss under the general segregation plan is $45,382.34, the difference between the two sums being only $42.11. It should also be stated just here that Auditor Moore claims that "it can very reasonably be expected a low rate of intangible property will result in placing on the tax books large amounts of such property not there now, because of the excessive tax rate, which often amounts to from 33 1-3 to 50 per cent of its earning power; thus will be wiped out many of the losses shown in the statement."—Lynchburg News.

Gives a Basis for Work.

First reading of the plan shows it to be just what Mr. Moore calls it—only a basis on which to work. Further information must come from the Auditor's office as to the practical results of many of the suggestions he makes. Countless possibilities present themselves as the Moore article is read. The effect on certain localities from loss of railroad and other corporation taxes must be carefully gone into.

Tax students are given food for thought for months to come by publication of this plan. Mr. Moore is to be commended for his zeal in behalf of the cause of tax reform, for the research that preceded publication, for the effort put forth in securing information. Too few public officials present plans for the public good in connection with the administration of their offices. The public services of C. Le Moore have been signally great and deserving of the utmost commendation.

This does not mean that his plan is best, or that it can be made workable at once. Only study of the details can demonstrate these things—Harrisonburg News-Record.

Same Old Cumbersome System.

It appears to be the same old cumbersome tax system, which is proving so detrimental to the State, masquerading in a new guise by allowing certain of the assessments to the State exclusively and the remainder to the cities, counties and towns.

The enumeration of the taxes to be levied by the State, cities, counties and towns is formidable, and causes a person to wonder if there is anything left out which is not covered by Mr. Moore's tentative plans. This brings more forcibly to mind that this State is overburdened with a multiplicity of taxes. But—

Mr. Moore deserves to be congratulated on offering his taxation reform ideas at this date, as it will give the members of the next General Assembly a chance to study over the plans before the session meets. At the same time it will give those who have made the taxation system a study courage to advance their plans, which may be far less complex than Mr. Moore's, combining simplicity, comprehensiveness and utility, thus doing away with a horde of unnecessary officials, and be the means for the industrial and commercial development of the State.—Fredericksburg Journal.

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.

It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year.

Abe Martin

Miss Fawn Lippincutt 'll appear at Melodeon Hall t'night an' talk about eight o'clock. We're all purty much alike when we git out o' town.